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Warning!

This book may be called **offensive** and **rude** and is to not be read by **overly-sensitive and young people**. This book contains **drug use, swearing, inappropriate actions** and other hilarious things that are **not suitable for children under 14.**
Read at your own risk and do not try to call me out for being immature or anything along those lines. This is purely for **fun!** This is not to call anyone out for anything and **is not to make fun of Warrior Cats AT ALL**. Warrior cats are amazing and **is not meant to be offensive to the series in any way!**
Do **NOT** do **anything that you may read here**, for it is **dangerous** and **illegal**.

If you read on and complain about it, it's your fault for letting curiosity get the best of you...

You have been warned!

Prologue

Several starry warriors gathered around at the edge of a glistening pond. Lily pads lay on the surface of the still water while few dragonflies hovered around the reeds at the ponds border. The sun shone in a cloudless sky, a calm breeze blowing through the empty fields.

Yellowfang's tail tip twitched with impatience and Goosefeather let out a sigh as Willowpelt watched a butterfly flutter along. Needletail paced in behind the three cats, her ears flicking toward any sound she picked up.

"Thank you for joining us. I know how busy you four usually are, but we have a... *favour* to ask of you, a favour that could be viewed as a gift..." Firestar began, his dark orange fur glowing in the sunlight. His emerald green eyes gave away nothing as he spoke.

Needletail's attention was caught at the mention of a favour. She paused her stride to stand beside Goosefeather and narrowed her eyes at the four powerful leaders that stood before them.

Crookedstar nodded, "We were wondering if you four would like another chance at life."

Tipping her head to the side, Willowpelt observed the leaders with curiosity. "Who wouldn't?" Needletail retorted while Yellowfang snorted, clearly unimpressed. "Another chance at life, you say? For what, my tail and an eye?" She rolled her eyes.

Goosefeather licked a paw and drew it nonchalantly over an ear. "We're not mouse-brained. What's the catch?"

The leaders glanced at each other. This only made the others more uneasy. "There's really no catch," Tallstar insisted, "we only ask of you to fulfill a mission for the good of the Clans..."

Her tail waving, Needletail dug her claws into the soft earth below

with anticipation. "Well of course! Is every cat okay? How long do we have? What do we do? Do we go to our same Clans as ourselves?" The words spilled out of the she-cat like a waterfall.

"With all due respect," Yellowfang flicked an ear and glanced briefly at Willowpelt, "why is she here?" Willowpelt didn't seem bothered by the question, if anything she wanted to know why she was chosen, too.

Blackstar purred and looked at Firestar. The large orange tom nodded to the former ShadowClan leader and with the flick of his white tail, he beckoned the four warriors to follow him. Turning to the pond, the white tom crouched over the water and the four puzzled warriors did the same.

Four distinctly different forests appeared over the still surface of the pond. The scene lowered into an open territory with many beech trees. "Now bare with me... these Clans are going to sound ridiculous, but this Clan is called DrugClan," Blackstar started, "Needletail, you've been chosen to live here. There is a cat named Needlebanger, that cat is you. These cats have been sniffing and smoking Twoleg drugs for seasons... I think you know why they need help." The vision showed a sleek silver she-cat sleeping in a nest beside a couple of rough looking cats.

Before Needletail could question anything, the water rippled and another territory appeared. This time it was a thick wooded pine forest. "Here is MentalClan. It's name explains everything. Goosefeather, you're a medicine cat named Goosebump." The white tom continued. A speckled grey tom was shown talking to a large black tom in the moonlight. Goosefeather looked annoyed, but he didn't complain.

The scene wavered and introduced a rocky territory with many birch and oak trees. "This is WhoreClan... many diseases and kits roam this territory. Willowpelt, you've been chosen for this Clan. You're a dancer named Willow." A pretty grey tabby she-cat was shown twirling around a stick with a similar looking tom doing the same on the stick beside her. Toms hooted and whistled from below.

Willowpelt was baffled. Ears flat to her head, she gasped and took a step back. "Why in StarClan's do I have to go to *that* awful Clan?!" She whimpered. Yellowfang purred and nudged the she-cat, "Well I mean you had three mates, one after the other. I think that's a pretty good reason, don't you?"

Eyes shining with amusement, Blackstar swallowed a purr and continued on. A new territory was introduced; a beautiful meadow with few redbud and spruce trees, even an apple tree could been seen. The vision lowered to find plump cats with neat fur and a tidy camp. "This is ClassyClan. These are the arrogant, stuck up, judgmental jerks... Yellowfang, you are a medicine cat named Anne."

"Now when you wake up in your new bodies, you will have faint memory of what we have told you today," Crookedstar informed them. The four cats turned around to face him as the scene faded. "Within heartbeats, you will remember names, kin, and areas. Some things might take a bit longer to come back, but they eventually will."

Firestar nodded, his green eyes stern. "These cats need your help, as I think you can clearly see... Thank you for understanding, and good luck."

"Will we have your guidance?" Goosefeather asked, his eyes narrowed.

Tallstar shook his head. "You four are smart and we trust that you all will follow your warrior code instincts..."

A growl rose in Needletail's chest but before she could spit her fury, the four leaders faded along with StarClan's fields.

Allegiances

DrugClan

Leader:
Crackheadstar - creamy matted tom with bulgy blue eyes

Dealer: (goes to Twolegplace frequently for drugs)
Munchbelly - thick dark tabby tom with pale yellow eyes

Medicine Cat:
Ambalance - broad black she-cat with white underbelly and muzzle, green eyes

Stoners:
Mintclaw - grey spotted tabby tom with green eyes, Moonshine and Coldshot's father
Blazeleaf - marbled tom with yellow eyes
Hazecloud - tabby she-cat with amber eyes, Munchbelly and Blazeleaf's sister
Meowmeow - orange tabby she-cat with yellow eyes, former street cat, Lazypaw and Bluntpaw's mother
Adam - black tom with dark green eyes, Ambalance's sister
Chickenwing - fluffy brown she-cat with few stripes, golden eyes
LilPlump - fat reddish-brown tom, Twitch and Chickenwing's brother, Meowmeow's mate
Lostpossum - grey tom with blue eyes

Drunks:
Moonshine - lilac tortoiseshell she-cat with white paws and sharp blue eyes, Crackheadstar's mate, Pouncepaw and Hypepaw's mother
Coldshot - grey-point tom with blue eyes, Moonshine's brother and Rawstone's mate

Crackheads:
Cocainenose - scrawny white she-cat with pale yellow eyes, Crackheadstar's sister
Twitch - dark brown tom with green eyes

Bone - thick white tom with blue eyes, Rawstone's brother
Needlebanger - short-furred, sleek, silver-grey she-cat with white chest fur and bold green eyes, Lostpossum's sister

Druggies-to-be: (no mentors, learn on their own)
Pouncepaw - lilac tabby she-cat with blue eyes
Hypepaw - grey tabby tom with pale blue eyes
Lazypaw - fluffy brown she-cat with yellow eyes
Bluntpaw - orange she-cat with one pale yellow eye and one dark yellow

Queens:
Rawstone - blueish-grey she-cat with blue eyes; *Smokekit* - dark grey she-kit, *Rainkit* - grey she-kit with white legs and tail tip

Elders:
Hookah - dark grey tom with green eyes, Munchbelly, Hazecloud, and Blazeleaf's father as well as Goosebump and Iseedeadpeoplewind (first litter)
Drake - brown tom with white muzzle and chest, full yellow eyes, Twitch, Chickenwing, and LilPlump's father
Bill - tall black tom with green eyes, former ClassyClan gent, Ambalance and Adam's father
Penguin - dark grey she-cat with white underbelly, chest, and muzzle, amber eyes, Bone and Rawstone's mother

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MentalClan
(Insane Asylum - no cat is to get pregnant here)

Medicine Cats: (oversees the patients)
Goosebump - speckled grey tom with shaggy, ragged fur and pale blue eyes
Tuft - pale spiky ginger she-cat with tufts of fur on her ear tips, yellow eyes
Pillhead - silver she-cat with no tail and dull blue eyes

Guards: (former street cats; makes sure no patient gets out, injuries any cat, and hunts for every cat; their rewards are parties in DrugClan)
Stone - dark grey tom with hard amber eyes

Blue - tall blueish-grey she-cat with yellow eyes
Ghost - white tom with amber eyes
Nightmare - big-pawed, black tom with large blue eyes, Cannibalcorpse's brother

Patients: (top to bottom - old patients to new)
Iseedeadpeoplewind - speckled grey she-cat with blue eyes, Goosebump's sister (hallucinates frequently)
Cannibalcorpse - tall, broad black tom with amber eyes (mute cannibal)
Whisperear - light grey tabby she-cat with pale blue eyes, Moonshine's first daughter (schizophrenia)
Stormy - dark grey tabby she-cat (multiple personalities)
Mr. Clean - white tom with green eyes, Cocainenose's only son (OCD)
Spark - creamy she-cat with blue eyes, Cinnamon's daughter (turrets syndrome)
Flame - dark orange tom with yellow eyes, Tuft's son (anger issues)
Jared - black tom with beady blue eyes, Judith's abandoned son (depression)
Bugs - brown tabby she-cat, Chickenwing, LilPlump, and Twitch's sister (former DrugClan cat, took a bad hit of acid, now hallucinates and is bipolar)
Dog - broad brown tom with white underbelly and green eyes (humps everything)
Mamabeatsmepelt - small brindle tabby tom with dark blue eyes (paranoia)
Womencantvotetalon - old black tom with white underbelly
McDick - fat tabby tom with white paws and tail tip (eating disorder)

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WhoreClan

Leader:
Titsmcgeestar - large tabby she-cat with amber eyes

Deputy:
Dirtybastard - dark brown she-cat with white paws and belly, hazel eyes, Periodmoon's sister

Medicine Cat:
Poledance - black she-cat with white muzzle and paws, green eyes

Dancers: (dance for prey - their kits become dancers)
Cinnamon - dark ginger she-cat with dark green eyes
Blossom - brown-and-white she-cat with pale green eyes, Bear's mother
Willow - slender, very pale silver-grey she-cat with blue eyes
Glitter - grey tabby tom with pretty amber eyes, Willow's brother
Cloud - fluffy white she-cat with blue eyes, Puff and Cotton's mother

Bitches:
Fuckface - large tabby tom with amber eyes, Titsmcgeestar's twin
Asswart - white tom with black patches, blue eyes
Itchycrotch - white tom with pale blue eyes, Asswart's brother
Twerkbum - dark tortoiseshell she-cat with pale green eyes, Stormy and Poledance's sister
Bubblebutt - calico she-cat with yellow eyes
Dildoass - white tom with orange tabby patches
Herpesmouth - white she-cat with few black and orange patches, Dildoass and Bubblebutt's sister
Dicklick - ginger tabby tom with hazel eyes
Bigbooty - fluffy light orange she-cat with white legs, Crabsleg and Dicklick's sister

Amateurs:
Puff - fluffy white she-cat with pale blue eyes
Cotton - white she-cat with yellow eyes, Puff's sister
Bear - large brown tom with yellow eyes

Kit-Poppers:
Ratchetpussy - white with one yellow eye, one green; *Bow* - white-and-black she-kit, *Snow* - white tom
Periodmoon - pale brown she-cat; *Cookie* - tabby tom, *Leaf* - pale brown tom with white paws and chest, *Lily* - pale tabby she-kit
Crabsleg - pale ginger she-cat with amber eyes (pregnant with DeadClan who knows kits)

Oldies:
Saggytits - pale brown tabby she-cat, Periodmoon's mother as well as Titsmcgeestar and Fuckface's mother (first litter)

Frostie - half-blind white tom, Ratchetpussy's brother, Asswart and Itchycrotch's father
Keke - sleek silver tabby she-cat, Willow and Glitter's mother, still dances for fun

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ClassyClan
(No fights, only class and sass. Pure blood only. These cats do their own thing their own way and no cat can tell them to do any different.)

Captain:
Madam Lillian - beautiful grey tabby she-cat with blue eyes

Assistant:
Sir Edgar - orange tabby tom with amber eyes, white tail tip and paws

Herbal Cat:
Anne - dark gray she-cat with wide-set, bright orange eyes and has a broad, flattened face

Ladies & Gents:
Betsy - tabby she-cat with pale green eyes, Ben, Chester, and Bernard's mother
Elizabeth - small grey she-cat with amber eyes, Lillian's sister, Anne and Charlie's mother
Todd - tall brown tom with hazel eyes, Betsy's brother and Rose's mate
James - white tom with black splotches, blue eyes
Oliver - black tom with blue eyes
William - black-and-white tom with green eyes
Judith - slender black she-cat with dark green eyes, James, Oliver, and William's sister
Ben - dark brown tom with white muzzle and chest, pale blue eyes, Judith's mate and Katherine and Wade's father
Chester - dark brown tom with blue eyes
Bernard - brown tabby tom with aqua eyes, Chester and Ben's brother
Frederick - orange tom with white belly and paws, yellow eyes, Edgar's brother and Minnie's mate

Charlie - fluffy grey tabby tom with orange eyes and a flattened face
Pearl - fluffy white she-cat with pale green eyes, Minnie's sister

Apprentices:
Katherine - black she-cat with blue eyes, Mentor: Betsy
Wade - brown tom with green eyes, Mentor: Oliver

Queens:
Rose - calico she-cat with pale blue eyes; *Leo* - light brown tom, *Charlotte* - black she-kit with a white spot on her chest
Minnie - small white she-cat with green eyes; *Jasper* - large white tom, *Archie* - orange tom, *Hazel* - white she-kit with orange patches

Wise Ladies & Gents:
Mary - black she-cat with blue eyes, Judith, James, Oliver, and William's mother
Dixie - beautiful white she-cat with green eyes, Pearl and Minnie's mother
Henry - brown tabby tom with dark blue eyes, Chester, Ben, and Bernard's father

Chapter One

Needlebanger's POV

I was woken up by the sounds of laughter and playful yowls. Blinking open my eyes, I found myself in a messy den. It was almost familiar; the shaggy den had several holes in the top where rays of sunlight poked though and many stale nests were scattered around. My heart began to race as the realization hit me... There was no longer the comforting - and almost overwhelming - smell of lavender and heather, only a musty skunk smell that wafted in through the entrance like fog. It was true. I was now in... *DrugClan*.

They weren't joking... I thought to myself as I got out of my ragged nest. Arching my back in a long stretch, I took in a deep breath and prepared myself to meet my new Clanmates. My joints cracked and I stumbled as my vision suddenly wavered. Shaking my head, I realized how awful this "Needlebanger" was treating herself...

Padding out wearily, I exited the warriors den into an open clearing. Beech trees surrounded the perimeter of the camp with a rock wall at the back. A large oak tree with long, gnarly roots sat beside the rock wall. On those roots sat a matted white tom, a tom I knew instantly was Crackheadstar. His tail twitched as his bulgy blue eyes watched the sky. Anything that he heard made him jump, his ears flicking toward any and every noise.

I had barely stepped out of the warriors den before a kit tumbled into me. A small grey she-kit bared her teeth at me challengingly as a grey point tom skidded to a halt at my paws. He was full of purrs and his breath stank of something bitter and musty. It made my nose wrinkle, but the tom was too out of it to notice the gesture.

"Finally, eh? Figured you would never wake up!" *Coldshot*. The name came to me as if I had a cat on my shoulder guiding me. I blinked at him and nodded, glancing back down at the small grey kit that was now biting at my tail. *Smokekit*.

The tom watched with a deep warmth in his eyes as his spunky kit batted at me. I shooed her away, her tiny claws feeling like pine needles in my pelt. "If only Rainkit would play with us. She's always sleeping or off in a corner on her own... Rainkit is just as miserable as her mother." Coldshot sighed and looked over his shoulder. I followed his gaze and found the tiny kit off by herself, using a claw to draw in the dirt.

"Bet you can't get to that stick before me!" Smokekit squealed, taking off toward a stick in the middle of the clearing. Without saying anything, Coldshot took off after his kit. He stumbled and tripped over his own paw on the way, leaving Smokekit victorious. "Haha! You're as blind as a bat!" The she-kit teased.

A familiar grey tom padded over to me, his eyes half closed and fur knotted. "What's up, sista?! Wanna come to the drug-nest with me? Cocainenose and Bone have been askin' for ya." He winked at me and for some reason I figured he was talking more about Bone than Cocainenose.

"Not right now, Lostpossum... thank you though." I purred, and realized I knew this cat's name too. *Wow, they weren't kidding when they said all of the information needed would come back to me.*

Lostpossum nudged me softly and snickered, "Understandable. You just about died last night!" I blinked at him and suddenly a brief memory of a firefly-lit stage and dancing she-cats came back to me. A shiver ran down my spine. *What did they get me into? Or more over, what did* I *get myself into...?* "Come on in whenever you want, sis! Bone misses ya." He padded off toward the rock wall and ducked into the crack on the right. Beside the place he disappeared into was another crack. I recognized it as the medicine den.

Taking a seat, I watched the Clan through narrowed eyes. *First day awake in the Clan and I already think they're complete mousebrains. I wonder how long I'll be able to stand these cats before I snap and kill some cat...*

A beautiful lilac tortoiseshell she-cat staggered around with a marbled tom. Immediately I recognized them as Moonshine and Blazeleaf. I watched them giggle and stride toward the den entrance

beside me until they eventually made their way in. Tilting my head to the side, I briefly glanced at Crackheadstar and studied the dense tom. *That's my leader? A tom who lets his mate fool around with other cats? StarClan, get me out of here!*

The rest of the Clan went on doing their own thing. Munchbelly and Mintclaw sat together with a hunk of rabbit while Penguin cleaned Bill's pelt. I watched Lazypaw and Bluntpaw follow Meowmeow out of the camp as Chickenwing, Pouncepaw, and Hazecloud came back with fresh-kill.

Pouncepaw skipped happily to the empty prey-pile, humming as she went. "Mother!" She called as she deposited her share, a plump dove. Pouncepaw searched the camp and when she noticed her father sitting alone, she rolled her eyes and turned to the warriors den. "Mother, you whore! I caught a fat dove! Are you proud of me yet, or do I have to join WhoreClan to win your respect?" She screeched.

Moonshine didn't reply, but I could hear her and Blazeleaf's purrs. Mintclaw, Munchbelly, Chickenwing, and Hazecloud roared with laughter as Moonshine's own kit called her out. Pouncepaw shook her head and skipped away toward the drug-nest. *They let apprentices sit around them while they do drugs?* I wondered and without really thinking about it, I headed for the cave.

Ducking in through the crack, I entered the passageway with confidence. It was like my paws had been using the cave since birth. I travelled down the slanted path and took a sharp left to continue down. From there I could see several cats huddled around a flat rock where several white lines, a small pile of dried mushrooms, and a couple of round white rocks lay. A couple of clear jars holding fireflies were set here and there behind the cats to illuminate the cave.

As I entered, each cat turned to me. Pouncepaw was cuddled up next to Twitch. The scrawny brown tom held a white stick in his mouth as he looked up at me but he didn't waste any time watching me come in. Instead he grabbed a thin brown stick and scrapped it against the rock to ignite it. From there, he lit his white stick and held it to LilPlump who held a fatter white stick. The fat reddish-

brown tom dipped his head, lit the stick, and put out the fire.

Bone winked at me and smirked as he patted the empty spot beside him. Adam payed no attention to me as I took my seat in between Bone and Cocainenose, he only continued to sniff the few white lines on the rock. Cocainenose and him took turns taking one line after the other.

"Well, well, well," Lostpossum mewed, taking the white stick from LilPlump as he passed it along. "look what the fox dragged in." He took a long drag and breathed it out, a dank cloud escaping his lips through a wide smile.

I rolled my eyes at the mellow tom. "Don't be weird."

"Yeah, Lostpossum, my girl don't need yo shit!" Cocainenose snorted. Lostpossum shook his head through purrs and passed the stick back to LilPlump. The white she-cat winked at me as a drop of blood dripped down her nose. I lifted a paw and wiped it off for her; she blinked in surprise but the tall she-cat licked my ear thankfully.

Adam sniffed the two last fat lines before grabbing an ivy leave from under the rock. Sniffling, the black tom dumped out a small pile, returned the tied ivy leaf under the rock, and separated the cocaine into several lines. His eyes were dilated as he nodded to Cocainenose, "You get three. Bone you get two since you only had one. The rest are mine." While Cocainenose did her share, I watched Bone pull out a long tube and hold it to his lips. Drawing in a deep breath, he then breathed out a thick cloud onto the flat rock. Adam's eyes flashed with annoyance and he blew the cloud away.

"*Adam!*" Bone gasped.

The black tom let out a growl, "Piss off with that pussy ass vape shit! You want those lines or did your balls go up your ass again?"

Bone was much larger than the ragged black tom, but even as Bone bared his teeth at Adam, he remained unfazed. After he sniffed his two lines, Adam took his turn and took the rest all at once. I watched through stunned eyes. *That's... a lot of cocaine...*

The rest of the cats didn't seem to notice. They all continued to do their own thing; LilPlump and Lostpossum cheered as they ate the mushrooms and Twitch whispered in Pouncepaw's ear seductively. Watching Adam, I started to feel anxious. His face and legs would twitch occasionally while he stared at the rock through a blank gaze. After what seemed to be only a few moments, the tom's eyes suddenly rolled back into his head and he collapsed.

"SOME CAT CALL AMBALANCE!" LilPlump yowled, "HE NEEDS SOME MILK!!"

Adam started to seize on the floor, drool spilling from his parted jaws. He moaned as the seizure failed to ease. Twitch and Bone immediately were at his side, one licking his neck while the other made sure he stayed in fetal position. LilPlump and Lostpossum scrambled out of the cave and I rushed to follow. *I don't want to see him overdose!*

Emerging from the drug-nest, I was almost trampled over by Amalance, her thick body barging past. "I'm comin' sweetpea!" She called with LilPlump on her heels.

I was stalking away sideways from the cave with my eyes watching the opening when a deep meow sighed behind me. "He's going to be the fifth fatal overdose this quarter-moon... It's a shame, Adam and Ambalance were very close." It was Mintclaw; his eyes were hard and serious.

"What makes you say he's going to die?" I scoffed, suddenly defensive.

Mintclaw's ear flicked but he didn't look at me as he replied solemnly, "Have you forgotten how long and hard he's been into cocaine? This isn't his first overdose, you should know," He shook his head, "First Pepperspray, then Noose, and then both Teddy and Airhead in the same night... things just keep getting worse. Munchbelly worries the Twoleg drugs are getting more dangerous."

I blinked with shock. *In a quarter-moon, DrugClan has lost four cats, maybe even five, because of their poor decisions? I guess this Clan really* does *need help...*

Chapter Two

Goosebump's POV

I awoke to the familiar sound of birds singing in the trees. My first thought was, *Firestar must have been joking,* but then I opened my eyes to find a large medicine den with two cats sleeping on my side and two others on the opposite side. There was no longer the sound of running water or the sight of starry cats. Reality quickly hit: MentalClan was my new home.

After my eyes adjusted to the dimly lit den, I recalled the two cats beside me were Tuft, a pale ginger she-cat with spiky fur, and Pillhead, a silver she-cat with no tail. On the far side lay Whisperear and Mamabeatsmepelt; they both were the most paranoid of the Clan and disliked almost all of the other patients.

Sitting up in my nest, I groomed my speckled pelt and let out a sigh. *What did those bee-brains sign me up for?* I tried to remember everything that I needed to know about the patients. *Well, there's Cannibalcorpse. He's a cannibal, clearly. He either is in his den or out with a muzzle on. Flame has major anger issues. Stormy has a personality disorder. McDick eats anything he can get his paws on...* I spotted the prey pile beside the herb store.

I stood up and padded over to the herbs to investigate the stores. *At least this is organized.* There were several shelves with every herb I already knew on one side, and then on the other side had piles of round white and pink rocks. Those rocks I recognized as pills. On the bottom were random medications, but on the top were pills with labels. Below each pile were the abbreviated letters of each cats' name scrapped on the rocks. *J for Jared, St for Stormy, Sp for Spark, W for Womencantvotetalon...* An unexpected cry echoed from the clearing and immediately I stopped what I was doing to rush out of the den to make sure no cat was fighting or in pain.

Spark, the cream coloured she-cat, as well as Mr. Clean were already up even though the sun was only just making its way up the

horizon. I dipped my head to the twitching she-cat, who returned the nod several times over, and then to the white tom, but Mr. Clean was too busy sweeping stray leaves away to notice.

I entered the patients den to find it was Bugs weeping in her sleep. Creeping around the other sleeping cats, I plopped down beside the brown tabby she-cats nest and ran my tail down her flank in an attempt to soothe her. *I'm going to need a lot of patience to live in such a Clan...*

It didn't take long for Bugs to stop whimpering. Though I was slightly frustrated that a grown she-cat needed to be comforted, I remembered the patient was once in DrugClan. *"I think it was the acid... it changed her... she has freakouts and talks to herself... we can't have her in our Clan anymore."* Chickenwing's voice, Bugs' sibling, played in my head as I stalked toward the entrance of the den. I glanced at the sleeping cats once more before leaving; a pang of pity pierced my heart. *What a life to live... and now I'm a part of it.*

Ducking out of the den, I emerged to find Spark pacing back and forth in the empty clearing. "Wow!" She spat, "T-Turtle!" Her head jerked one way and then her back leg kicked out. I could feel the annoyance burning in my chest like a forest fire. Spark let out a couple grunts as she sat down and itched violently at her ear.

Meanwhile, Mr. Clean was still clearing the camp of any and every stick, leaf, and rock. He had a pile off at the edge of the campground. "You don't have to clean that, you know." I padded up to the white tom but he dodged me and continued to sweep away any debris without making eye contact. My ears flattened to my head as a growl threatened to escape.

"It bugs me. I do this every morning and every night before I sleep, you know that." Mr. Clean muttered. I wanted to cuff him over the ear but I knew it would do him no good. Instead, I nodded and padded away.

With the sun rising fast above the treetops, cats began to exit the patients den. McDick was the first to wake. As soon as his head popped out of the den, fur messy and whiskers twisted, he laid eyes on me and rushed over. His big tabby belly jiggled as he trotted up

to me. "Can I have the first piece of prey? I want to get to the best one before every cat gets hungry!" He begged, spitting as he talked.

Narrowing my eyes at him, I looked deep into his desperate eyes and nodded. "I don't see why not." I headed for the medicine den with him close on my heels.

"Can I pick it-" McDick started, but I entered the den before he could finish the question. By then, Tuft and Pillhead were awake, too. I also found Mr. Clean in the den picking stale prey out of the heaping pile of fresh-kill. Without even having to say anything, the white tom slid a small starling to my paws. "Thank you. He should probably start eating in smaller amounts anyway." Mr. Clean nodded but didn't look at me or even answer. *It's going to take a lot to get used to these cats.*

I picked up the bird and dropped it at the fat tom's paws. He looked obviously disappointed; he didn't even try to hide it. "That's it?" McDick grunted, but by then I was padding away.

Among the bustling camp I managed to find a spot under a thick fern to observe the Clan. I watched Whisperear and Mamabeatsmepelt leave the medicine den to sit with each other. They kept their heads bowed as they quietly talked. Even from only a few tail-lengths away, I could see the small tom's scars along his back and an obvious long one down the side of his neck. I wondered if those injuries were the reason for his name.

From beside their own den, the four guards sat together chatting with ease. I couldn't understand how they could be here willingly... then I remembered their rewards were the famous WhoreClan parties. Once they were off duty, the four of them could do whatever they wanted.

"I still can't believe y'all let that weak she-cat guard us. Only *toms* can fight and protect!" A raspy snarl came out of no where and I turned to find Womencantvotetalon, an old black tom crazier than a badger, was suddenly beside me. Hunched over and lips in a straight line, the elder was dead serious. I narrowed my eyes at him. His muzzle was almost completely grey as well as his neck, not to mention his hip bones jutted out as if he hadn't had a meal in

moons.

"You're funny," I snorted, turning to look at the strong, tall blueish-grey she-cat, "She-cat's can do just as much as us toms, and definitely can do more than a cat as old as you."

The old tom let out a scornful humph while glaring at Blue, "You ain't too young there yourself, Goosey," he then stood up, his frail legs trembling, and yowled, "Hey, mange-pelt! You smell like my diarrhea!"

I could hear Blue's sigh from the other side of the clearing. She turned to face him, whiskers twitching with amusement, and called over, "You're still hating on me even though I've wiped your ass a million times?"

Leaning in, Womencantvotetalon muttered, "She only does that because she's my bitch," then, while making full eye contact with Blue, he started to make himself gag until he retched up puke. "Clean it you vermin!" He yowled.

I took it upon myself to get up and leave. The tom didn't seem to notice.

I didn't make it as far as two tail-lengths across the clearing before Flame started screaming. Full of fury, she lashed out on Dog. The tom let out a wail but had no chance in fighting back as the dark orange she-cat threw blow after blow to the face. "You're disgusting! Don't touch me again! I'll KILL YOU!" She screeched. Immediately, Blue and Nightmare rushed over to break it up.

Ghost padded past me, snickering, "When is that stupid furball going to learn? Flame, out of them all, he humps the most."

Tuft appeared from the medicine den and escorted the bleeding tom into the den for assistance. Flame had managed to cut his ears and lip pretty bad, but thankfully she missed his eyes. Dog whimpered pitifully as he ducked into the den with his tail between his legs. The dark orange she-cat tried to dodge around Nightmare to get at Dog again but the large black tom wouldn't allow it.

By then, Pillhead and Mr. Clean left the medicine den with fresh-kill for the guards and then started to pass out certain prey to the patients. I assumed they had put their medication in the bodies to avoid any fuss. The four guards quickly gobbled their prey down, licked their lips, and headed out. Stone stayed back, solely to watch over Cannibalcorpse's den.

It wasn't long after the other guards left that Stormy wandered over to the dark grey tom. She whisked her fluffy tail under his chin and whispered in his ear but the tom wasn't having it. Stone had a hard stare on and showed no emotion, not even any irritation, as he continued to watch over the camp. I couldn't help but purr as she kept trying to flirt with him. Eventually, Stormy let out a growl and stomped away, "Come get me when you want me, sugar." Stone didn't reply, only rolled his eyes.

A lovely speckled grey she-cat exited the patients den just then and when Iseedeadpeoplewind spotted me, she hurried over with a deep worry in her blue eyes. Her eyes were dull with fatigue and her fur was matted from sleep. "Good morning, Goosebump." Iseedeadpeoplewind murmured. My gaze softened at the sight and sound of my sister. Nuzzling her cheek, I asked, "Why do you look so troubled?"

Iseedeadpeoplewind glanced around nervously, "It's Jared. I've tried everything to get him to eat, but he won't even look at it. He's losing weight... I heard that Twoleg leaf stuff called weed helps with hunger, should he try it?"

"You should be concerned with your own health. Jared is old enough to make his own decisions, but that's a good suggestion and thank you for trying. I will go see him." Standing up, I headed off to the patients den. Before I could enter, I watched Iseedeadpeoplewind head toward Cannibalcorpse's lonely den. Stone let her in with a nod. My heart lurched but before I could act on my fear, I remembered my sister was the only cat that the cannibal actually liked.

I entered the den and slowly padded over to the black tom off in the corner. She was right; Jared was visibly losing weight. The squirrel sat untouched beside his nest. His fur was knotted and I could see

the fleas jumping around on his pelt. "Jared, you need to eat. You're losing an alarming amount of weight and if you don't start eating on your own we will have to force-feed you, something I'd rather not do."

The depressed tom didn't reply, only laid there in a heap of his own sadness. There was no aggravation, only condolence. I nudged him softly, "You need to get some sun and fresh air. Come with me outside and at least have a mouthful of prey. We also need to deal with those fleas. I'll have Mr. Clean take care of your nest." I was surprised when Jared actually started to get up.

"You're right," He muttered, his voice scratchy. Jared's legs were as thin as sticks and he quivered with each step. *How long have they let him go without eating?* Minding the fleas, I grabbed the squirrel and assisted the weak tom out of the den and into the clearing. His eyes squinted at the sudden light.

I searched the clearing for Mr. Clean and quickly spotted him fixing Cannibalcorpse's den. "Mr. Clean!" I called. The white tom's ears perked up and without even having to ask, he trotted up to me. While Jared laid out in the sun, I meowed, "Could I ask you to make Jared a new nest? He has fleas-" The white tom gasped and hurried into the den only to start throwing each and every nest out. *Well, that was easy.*

"I'll be back with a remedy for you." I told Jared. He dipped his thin head and let it drop back down on his paws. Heading into the medicine den, I turned to Pillhead who was talking with Tuft. "What do we have for fleas? Jared is infested."

The silver she-cat didn't say anything, only stood on her hind legs to grab a wooden bowl with a strong smelling liquid inside. "This is from the Twolegplace, my friend Oreo told me his Twoleg has used it on him many times. Should clear him within the night. Jared will need to go to the stream by WhoreClan to wash it off tonight, though."

Tuft pulled out chamomile and passed it to me, too. "This will help ease his mind and give him strength." Dipping my head, I picked up the bowl and herbs and carefully brought it to Jared who hadn't of

moved.

Thankfully the tom ate the chamomile without a fight. As I started to lather the liquid into the toms pelt, Nightmare returned with a sparrow and a shrew in his jaws with a familiar pretty dark ginger she-cat at his side. The large black tom took his catches to the medicine den and then called for Spark, "Cinnamon is here for you."

"Mother! Mother! Mother! You look so good! I've missed you!" Spark chirped, skipping happily up to her mother. Cinnamon purred and touched noses with her energetic daughter. Spark let out cheerful squeaks as they headed out.

At least she thinks about her daughter, I glanced down at the skinny tom that I was assisting. *Jared hasn't seen Judith, Ben, or any of his siblings in moons... No wonder he feels so hopeless..*

Chapter Three

Willow's POV

A gentle prod in my side woke me suddenly. I opened my eyes to find a tall white dog with poofy fur on her hips, top of her head, paws, chest, tail tip, and paws hovering over me. To top it all off, the cheerful dog had a pink bow on her head. Her deep brown eyes twinkled as she giggled. Immediately I recognized her as Paris.

Sitting up, I wiped the drool from my cheek and glanced around. I was on a large slate rock beside a tall wooden pole that connected to the ceiling and the floor. Three more poles were beside it, evenly spread apart. At the very back of the flat rock that I found myself on was a cave with captured firefly's leading to the entrance.

The sound of a waterfall synced in as I came to realize where I was: the Party Pond. The hollow beyond the pond was deserted and dirty; only a golden dog and a grunting raccoon with a long bristly stick could be seen cleaning up after the party. Wooden bowls were scattered around and puke lathered on most of the stumps where I assumed cats would sit to mingle. There was a large flat boulder at the back where a suited fox was; I knew of him as Blake. He had a long, dark cigar in between his lips as he collected the chips and cards from the rock.

"Come on, love, Rodger is trying to clean," Paris insisted. I glanced over to see the raccoon was muttering to himself as he swept up dirt and debris. Rodger had a white stick in his mouth that smelt foul; I remembered Twolegs called them cigarettes. "Sit and have a drink with me." I squinted up at Paris and wrinkled my nose. She snorted as she proceeded to help me to my paws, "I meant water, hun."

It took me longer than I expected to get off the slate rock and over to the nearest stump because of my sore legs, pulsing headache, and nauseating dizziness. I only had brief memories of dancing all night with few other cats, the rest of the night was a blur. The dawn light

hurt my eyes to the point where I had to scoot in front of it to avoid its glare.

"I worry about you, Willow," Paris sighed. Just then, the golden dog, Dolly, padded over. I dipped my head to her; she was the sweetest of all the dogs but was also the dumbest. With one bowl in her mouth and the other on her muzzle, she set them down with ease.

Dolly licked my cheek with her long, pink tongue and told me how pretty I was before wandering off again. Paris watched her stroll away before continuing, "Every night it seems you're here getting sloshed. I would advise you calm the fuck down before you don't wake up. You know how many dancers fall into this pit." I lapped up the water until the bowl was dry as she spoke of her concerns. Unsure of how to answer, I just nodded.

Her eyes burned with concern but she left it at that. "You need to get some rest. I will help you home." After calling thanks to Rodger and Dolly for their help, she let me lean on her as we slowly made our way around the filthy pond and out of the hollow.

The travel back to the WhoreClan camp was brutal on my tired legs and pounding head. "Why do we have to have such a rocky territory..." I mumbled as we continued to climb to the top of the slope where the camp lay.

My vision wavered as we entered the camp and suddenly I felt Paris's sharp teeth grabbing my scruff as my legs buckled beneath me. "Oh, hun! You need more water." All I could do was nod. I couldn't imagine laying in a stuffy den so I decided to plop down in a shaded spot out in the open. While Paris hurried off to fetch water, a familiar grey tabby tom padded up to me.

"Sorry sis for ditching you early," he purred through the bird's feathers that he held in his jaws. Glitter dropped the dove at my paws. "Had a lil' somethin' somethin' to deal with, know what I'm sayin'?" He winked and nudged me. I sniffed the bird but it's warm scent almost made me hurl.

Nodding, I laid my chin on my paws and closed my eyes. "Don't

worry about it, I just want to sleep." I muttered.

"Alright well if you need me I will be out with Cloud. We're training Puff and Cotton today. Get some sleep while you can, tonight is the big Full Moon Party." Glitter informed me. The mention of another party turned my stomach all over again. I could hear his paws trekking off as another pair approached me.

"Can I come, can I come?" A little voice squeaked. I opened my eyes to find Bow, a white-and-black kit no bigger than a newborn, was begging to go with my brother as Paris headed toward me. Cloud shrugged, "I don't see why not."

Paris was back with a clump of moss soaked in water. "Here, drink this and relax for the day. I have to go back home now, but I'm sure I'll see you again soon! See ya!" Drinking the water, I watched the fluffy poodle head out with Cloud, Glitter, and the three dancers-in-training close behind.

My aching stomach made it impossible to fall asleep, not to mention the chaotic camp was a problem too. Instead of fighting to sleep, I decided to watch my new Clan try to function.

On top of a large cluster of boulders covered in moss sat Titsmcgeestar with her twin brother, Fuckface. The both of them were bulky and had long fluffy tails; it was almost impossible to tell them apart. Below them was the deputy, Dirtybastard, who padded to the front of the camp in an attempt to gather a patrol to hunt. "Would any cat volunteer to come hunt with me?" She called.

Herpesmouth let out a purr. "No cat *wants* to hunt. It's so much easier to go suck on some ClassyClan hotshot and steal his mouse." Cinnamon, Asswart, Dicklick, and Bubblebutt snickered; I assumed they all agreed.

Dirtybastard narrowed her eyes at the calico she-cat and snapped, "Grow up and get your shit together! We may be whores but we're JUST as INDEPENDENT as the rest of the Clans!" While casually cleaning her pelt, Herpesmouth scoffed and rolled her eyes.

"I'll come hunt with you." Blossom mewed. Itchycrotch and

Bigbooty padded up to the deputy and agreed to go, too. Dirtybastard let out a sigh of relief and led the patrol out with her chin high.

As they headed out, Bubblebutt tried to leave in behind them. "Where are you going, Bubblebutt?" Fuckface called to her. The fluffy calico she-cat turned on her heels with a look of annoyance.

"Where I always go, asshole! I'm going to get some of that big dick energy in ClassyClan. Probably gonna get a free mouse, too!" She retorted.

Fuckface snorted, "Good luck with that. Most of the Clan hates you." Letting out a huff, Bubblebutt stomped off with her tail up straight.

I watched Asswart approach another large boulder where Periodmoon lay. His white-and-black tail was up high as he scrabbled up and sat down beside her. *Doesn't she have kits to worry about?* I wondered, glancing around at the busy camp. Sure enough, two of her three kits, Lily and Leaf, were playing with Snow. The third kit, Cookie, wasn't with them and for a brief moment I began to worry that he had taken off. Before I could get up to look for him myself, I spotted Poledance emerging from her den with the small tabby tom at her heels. "I know I promised to show you how to put a shoulder back in place but I need to visit my sister. I'll show you tomorrow morning, alright?" The black she-cat sighed.

Cookie looked utterly disappointed but he didn't argue. Instead, he rushed off to join his littermates. "Can I play, too?" He squeaked.

Snow skidded to a halt in front of him and tagged him with his tail before dashing off again, "You're it!"

I noticed Ratchetpussy was no where to be seen. *Probably out getting pregnant again*. I thought, shaking my head. *What awful mothers.*

While Twerkbum, Dicklick, Cinnamon, and Keke all shared tongues from beside the medicine den, I watched Saggytits and Frostie start to argue over the last shaded spot. "I was here first, you saggy bag of fat!" The half-blind tom snarled, batting the pale brown tabby in the face with sheathed paws.

Saggytits used one back leg to push his face backwards and managed to move the tom out of the way enough to sit in the shade. "You know I will kill you in your sleep, you blind piece of shit..." The pale brown elder snarled through clenched teeth.

While the two continued to bicker, I let my eyes close and within an instant I was had managed to fall asleep.
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"Are you whores and tramps ready for this sick fuckin' party?!" Bailey, the black-and-white husky, howled from above the dancers' stage beside the waterfall. Beside her was the brindle male boxer, Ace. Together they stood on their hind legs, their front paws on the DJ stand, looking down on the gathered animals in the hollow. Firefly lamps were placed all around them: in the trees, on the ground, and hanging from the branches above them. A full moon hung bright in a clear sky. It was almost beautiful.

Cats and dogs below cheered and screamed with all their might. "THEN LET'S DO THIIIS!" The Twoleg speakers blasted out music as the two DJ's let out deep howls and when the bass dropped, the cats went even wilder. Toms chest bumped, the dancers started to show off their moves, and the druggies sniffed their lines. Even though the party had only just begun, all of WhoreClan and more were already filling the Party Pond.

With Cloud at my shoulder, we passed by the two identical rottweilers, Cash and Cody, who were on guard at the entrance to the Party Pond. On the stage below Ace and Bailey were Blosson, Glitter, and Cinnamon. In sync, the three spun around on the poles remarkably well, twisting upside down with only two legs. *I... I do that? That's who* I *am?* My heart started to thump in my chest like a captured bird.

There were few cats I didn't immediately recognize that were at the edge of the stage glancing up at the cats with a desperate hunger in their blurry eyes. *Disgusting...* I thought to myself. As I kept staring, I realized the three toms were Tiger, Sawyer, and Crow. They were the usual street cats that came to party; their only offering to the party was their weird stones that they smoked in a clear stick. Cinnamon jiggled her butt just above their noses to the beat of the music and strolled away as Sawyer tried to reach for her.

"I think tonight is my night to take a break. I'm gonna see if I can win poker!" Cloud had to yell to be heard over the commotion and without letting me respond, she took off toward Blake's table. Rodger, Bigbooty, Fuckface, and Saggytits were already gathered around. Their faces gave away nothing.

Anxiety seared under my pelt and in the heat of the moment, not knowing where to go and who to talk to, I sat down at the nearest stump farthest away from the stage where Itchycrotch sat alone. *Where's Paris when you need her...* I could feel my legs trembling. *How in StarClan's name do I do this every night?*

I watched the line up at the entrance thin out as Cash and Cody allowed them all in. Poledance padded in with a grey she-cat at her side. I assumed it was her mentally ill sister, Stormy. "Hello, Stormy," I greeted her with a nod as they padded past. She let out a purr, "It's *Sky*, dear. Come dance with me!" Poledance rolled her eyes, her whiskers twitching with amusement.

"No, I'm good tonight. You enjoy yourself." I could feel my stomach twisting again.

Stormy nuzzled my cheek and headed off, "Suit yourself!" Poledance hurried to catch up with her as her sister headed for the stage.

Glancing over beside me, I met eyes with the white tom at the other end of the stump. "Not feelin' it tonight or what?" The emotionless tom asked, his eyes wide and pupils huge.

Awkwardly I nodded, "Y-yeah. I'm just... tired." I stammered and watched Stormy hop onto the stage to join the other three. More cats were gathered below now, and with her arrival, they hooted and hollered some more. I noticed the MentalClan guards had joined the party, too. Nightmare, Ghost, and Stone were all raving below the dancers while Blue wandered over to the poker rock. Blake ashed his cigar and winked at the she-cat. Itchycrotch kicked at his chin violently as he snickered to himself before suddenly grabbing his flank to chew on it.

While I observed the party around me, I heard Dolly's optimistic bark from behind me. "Hello, lovelies!" Dolly's greeting was muffled

by a small wooden bowl balancing on her nose and a clear bottle in her jaws. Setting them down, she hummed and tapped her paw to the beat of the music while opening the bottle and pouring in a strong smelling rusty-coloured liquid. Her carefree vibes *almost* eased my anxiety. "I assumed it was the usual for you, dear." She pushed the drink toward the tom and watched him shoot it back.

Itchycrotch's nose wrinkled and he let out a grunt as Dolly poured a second drink. "One for her, too." He rasped as he lifted the shot to his lips and took it.

"Of course!" Dolly chirped, pouring me one too. The golden dog took the bottle and as she passed me she whispered, "Be careful of him..." I blinked at her with surprise but before I could question her, Dolly had already turned to stride off. Itchycrotch slid the drink toward me with flash of impatience in his dilated eyes.

Sighing, I downed the shot of liquor and slammed the small bowl down as it coursed down my throat. I shook my head and turned to the entrance as a group of cats entered. Cody was looming over a dark brown tom with his squished muzzle shoved into his face while Cash approached Paris. I recognized the brown tom as Twitch from DrugClan. I wondered if they were warning them to not cause trouble; a faint memory of brawls and an overdose crossed my mind.

Cody glared at the group of cats as they strode toward the only empty stump left. Bone, a hefty white tom, lead the way. LilPlump, Cocainenose, Needlebanger, and Hazecloud followed close behind, observing the party closely. I could see Itchycrotch smirking in the corner of my eye. Turning to face him, I opened my mouth to snap at him only for him to wink at me, "See you around." Itchycrotch then stood up and stalked over to the DrugClan group.

I watched the party continue until my anxiety slowly eased and my senses suddenly heightened. I noticed myself wiggling to the beat of the music. Itching to join the dancers, my heart beat sped up and without thinking, I found myself hurrying for the stage. Glitter spotted me coming from the other side of the hollow and called, "Yes queen, join us!"

As I pushed through the raving crowd, Nightmare and Tiger cheered for me. I purred as Poledance, Stone, and Crow lifted me up to get onto the stage. After managing to get up, I stood on my hind legs and let out a yowl, "Fuck it UP!"

Bailey and Ace howled from above and, taking my place beside Stormy, we all swung our hips to the beat of the music. As if I knew exactly how to twirl in sync, like I had been riding the pole since birth, all four of us spun around and entertained them all below.

While we swayed and twerked, I watched Bone, LilPlump, and Twerkbum leave the stump they had been huddled at and hurry toward the path to the DJ stand above. Crow spotted them and took off to follow. Just then, all four of them leaped off of the top of the rock and dove into the pond. Every cat cheered and hollered as water splashed them.

"Hey, I bet you can't jump over the crowd and into the pond!" I challenged Stormy.

She smirked and wriggled her flank to prepare to jump. I crouched down and did the same. Together, we backed up a step and tore toward the edge of the stage before leaping over the crowd and into the murky pond beyond.

The chilly water shocked my pelt as bubbles surrounded me. I struggled not to giggle as I swiped my paws through the water toward the surface. As soon as I popped through, I let out a huff of laughter. Stormy broke the surface only a moment later, purring with joy.

Glancing around, I almost felt offended that the crowd wasn't cheering. Then I noticed the music had stopped and every cat was hurrying toward the stump where Twitch, Needlebanger, and Cocainenose had still been sitting. Dripping wet, the other DrugClan cats hurried out of the pond and toward the others. Meanwhile, Crow and Twerkbum took their time. Stormy and I exchanged a confused glance before splashing over to the shore.

After emerging from the water, I shoved through the growing crowd of cats that had gathered curiously around the stump. I managed to

get close enough to see Twitch was on the ground seizing.

Blue rushed from the poker rock and plowed through the cats to reach the brown tom. "Every cat move the fuck back!" She yowled and then started to push on his chest.

"This is why I wanted these lunatics to be banned from our parties!" Fuckface snarled, glaring straight at the group of them. His words slurred; Fuckface was clearly loaded. LilPlump's gaze flashed with annoyance while Bone shoved through the crowd to stand face to face with the large tabby tom. *Oh no, here we go again...*

Bone's growl could be heard over the other cats murmuring about the situation. "The fuck did you just say about my Clan, Fuckface? At least my Clan has dignity, clean pelts, and actually knows how to hunt!"

Fuckface lifted his head and let out a sarcastic laugh. "Dignity, you say? Every time we let your pathetic cats in, some cat has to ruin the night and fucking die! Look, your Clanmate won't make it through the night because none of you have self control!" He snapped, shoving his muzzle in the white toms face. Fuckface's teeth were bared and glinting in the moonlight. Cocainenose tried to intervene but Fuckface shoved her to the ground with ease.

"I'll fucking kill you!" Bone yowled as he swiped at the tabby toms muzzle.

Fuckface dodged it and returned the gesture with a hard blow to the face. Cats moved out of the way as the two slashed at each other's faces and hissed with hatred. Cash and Cody stomped over, their eyes burning with rage, and both grabbed the two cats to separate them. With Bone in his jaws, Cody threw him toward the entrance. "Get your shit and get the fuck out! Don't come back either!" He barked, his thick dark fur bristling at the shoulders. Bone hissed, one eye clearly swollen and an ear split down the middle, and staggered off toward the entrance.

Cody grabbed Twitch and swung him on his back. The rest of the DrugClan cats hurried in behind the rottweiler with their heads

hanging and tails dragging. Cocainenose was the only one with her chin high.

As the crowd thinned out, I stayed where I was and watched the DrugClan cats head out. Blue, Sawyer, and Nightmare remained at the deserted stump. Blake wandered over with the cigar still in his lips. Taking a long drag, he scoffed. "It's always the DrugClan cats who ruin the night."

Chapter Four

Anne's POV

The sound of birds twittering among the territory gently woke me. I stretched in my nest before really looking around; the first thought that crossed my mind was, *Firestar must have been bluffing. I don't feel my fragile bones like I had when I was alive, so I must be in StarClan still.* But as I looked around the dim den I found myself in, my heart sunk and a sigh escaped my jaws.

My nest was placed at the back corner of the medicine den, opposite of the herb stores. Though the stores were neat, I couldn't help but notice they were in very small bundles. *Humph,* I narrowed my eyes and flicked an ear, *maybe these cats are so healthy, that they do not need the amount of herbs I am used to?*

The whole den was rock, even the floor. Even the ground had been kept neat, no sticks misplaced or even stray dirt to be found. Murmurs sounded from outside of the den and with curiosity twitching beneath my pelt, I stalked out.

Even though the sun had just started to rise over the horizon line, every cat was already awake. Cats were in groups sharing tongues and sipping... *tea? That's right. These cats drink tea and talk bad about the other Clans.* I snorted to myself as I observed the mingling Clan.

Madam Lillian was in the center of the Clan with her assistant, Sir Edgar, beside her. The two of them had neatly groomed pelts and were plump. The whole Clan looked like kittypets with their silky fur, little to no muscle, and a few of them even had those degrading threads clasped around their necks! *Collars, do they call them?* Sir Edgar, the captain's *assistant*, had a studded green collar. Inwardly, I shook my head. *Why did* I *have to be sent to* this *Clan? Can they even fend for themselves?* I wondered, then remembered they had a routine, and part of their routine was to catch their own prey on their own time. The rest of their routine consisted of taking turns tending to the tea plants, preparing tea, drinking tea, grooming

each other, and patrolling the territory. I grunted, *What a life to live.*

"Did any of you hear about the latest party that WhoreClan had hosted? I have heard that yet *another* DrugClan loser has overdosed. Such pity..." Betsy purred, her paws grasping a warm cup of tea. The rest of the Clan that had been listening giggled too, their soft belly fur jiggling.

James chimed in, rolling his eyes, "Well, I say good riddance. The more that die out, the less that we will have to worry about. They seem to forget where their borders lie." The others murmured their agreements.

Madam Lillian's ears twitched toward the gossiping cats and she narrowed her eyes from beside her assistant before setting her tea down gently. With a stern look glued to her face, she strode over to the group of cats where Betsy sat and paused behind her. "Now, Betsy, as much as we talk about the other Clans, you know I do not appreciate talking about those who have passed away, especially those who have died in a tragedy. Have I made myself clear?" The elegant grey she-cat held her chin high as she looked deep into the older she-cats eyes.

Betsy didn't look intimidated but still had enough sense to nod to her captain. I could have sworn there was a flash of humor in the snotty she-cat's pale green gaze. Nonetheless, the tabby she-cat apologized.

As Madam Lillian headed away from the she-cat, she spotted me beside my den. Her eyes lit up and she trotted up to me with delight. "Well, good morning, Anne! Did you sleep well?"

I dipped my head to the captain and purred, "Of course. I presume you did as well, since you're looking as stunning as a star?"

The grey tabby she-cat's whiskers twitched with amusement. Madam Lillian licked my ear and as she headed off, she mewed, "You are right about that!" I fought the urge to snap at her for acting like I was a kit; I knew that was just her personality.

From the other side of the camp, I spotted Judith with her two kits

in front of her. Her face was scrunched up and her tail tip was twitching irritably. "What have I told you two about trying to leave the center with your fur in knots? It is bad enough that you two walked from our den to here looking like that! You both know it is unacceptable. Clean yourselves at once..." the black she-cat growled. After agreeing to their mother, Wade and Katherine stood up to leave, but Judith narrowed her eyes at her daughter before continuing, "And Katherine, if you do not start watching what you eat, I am going to have to make you a meal plan."

The young black she-cat's shoulders slumped. "Yes, mother." Katherine mumbled, her tail dragging.

Ben craned his neck to see from the group he still sat in and chimed in, "Yeah, listen to your mother before you gain anymore weight!"

I had almost spat out a retort to Judith about her own weight when Madam Lillian called over her shoulder, "Oh, Anne, could you be a doll and tend to the tea plants this morning, after you have eaten?"

Whilst glaring toward the rude mother, I decided to get myself out of the camp before I made the situation worse. "Of course, Lillian." I replied. Shaking out my thick fur, I padded toward the camp entrance and headed out.

"Oh, dear!" I familiar husky voice meowed from behind me. Glancing over my shoulder, I spotted my mother hurrying for me with pleasure gleaming in her amber eyes. "Shall I join you?" Elizabeth halted at my flank.

Purring, I dipped my head to my mother and together we exited the camp.

The tea field could be seen the moment I stepped out. Among the tallest, lushest hill were several bushy rows of bright green leaves that seemed to stretch past the sun. Since the camp was directly in front of the huge tea field, it took no longer than a few heartbeats to get to the first line of tea leaves. The sharp aroma almost choked me as we stood at the opening to the first row. I racked my brain in search for answers: *How in StarClan's name do they get through all of this?* Instantly, I remembered the field grows in separate patches;

therefore, every few sunrises there is a new area to be picked.

"We will have to seek prey afterwards, is that fair?" My mother suggested as she picked up a large brown basket where the threads were weaved into a pattern. It had a small handle, small enough that any cat could carry it without worrying about tripping.

I dipped my head to her, "I believe that is fair."

While the sun basked overhead, Elizabeth and I took turns picking leaves from the plants and putting them into the basket. Even though the both of us barely said a word the entire time, it didn't feel awkward. If anything it was a joy to spend time with a gentle mother like her; contentment illuminated from Elizabeth's bright gaze as we finished the designated area.

When the two of us exited the patch and began to set out the strong-smelling leaves to dry, my mother glanced around at the beautiful fields. "I do hope rain comes soon. It has been a while; soon our plants will wilt before they can be picked!" She fretted, but when she turned back to me, her amber eyes were filled with nothing but ease.

My whiskers twitched with amusement, "I am sure it will rain sooner than later," I insisted, then looked over my shoulder at the open meadow. A large olive tree stood a little ways down the slope past the camp but other than the occasional boulder and few colourful flowers scattered in patches, there only seemed to be grass. Off in the distance, the beech trees and undergrowth distinctly showed the border between DrugClan and ClassyClan.

I then remembered how different the Clan was from any of the others; not only were we basically wild kittypets that drank tea, they also didn't all sleep in one den in the camp, instead they had their own dens for their kin spread out in the territory. Madam Lillian and Sir Edgar still resided in the center as I did, but as for the rest, they had their own personal dens. If one had not of known about the several dens scattered throughout ClassyClan's meadow, there would be no way any cat could spot them.

I caught sight of movement in the corner of my eye, a rabbit I

presumed, and for a split heartbeat, I wondered how a medicine cat were to catch such an agile creature. *Trust your instincts...* I reassured myself. Glancing toward Elizabeth, I noticed she had spotted the rabbit, too.

Immediately I crouched down and whispered to her, "When I give you the signal, jump out at it... I will sneak around the back." Elizabeth dipped her head and stalked down the slope toward the rabbit with quick, precise steps.

"I bid you good luck," she murmured as she passed by.

With my eyes locked on my prey, I took the long way around the rabbit. I snuck through thick stalks of grass and sweet smelling lavender until I found myself behind the lean animal. Luckily, the rabbit seemed to be preoccupied by a bright patch of clovers, completely oblivious to our presence. My mouth watered at the easy prey.

Wriggling my haunches, I unsheathed my claws and prepared to leap. I flicked my tail in the air to signal to Elizabeth and watched her creep out from the long grass. Within a few heartbeats, the rabbit spotted her and tore off in the opposite direction. She thundered in behind the rabbit but there was no need; Elizabeth had driven the rabbit straight into my paws. I pounced out of the long grass and onto the plump creature, biting down on its neck to give it the killing bite.

"Well done, Anne! A memorable catch, I would say." The small grey she-cat purred, padding up to me with excitement in her wide gaze.

I sniffed, "You must not act like you had a lesser part than I, we both deserve the praise."

My mother's whiskers twitched with amusement but didn't argue. Instead we took the warm prey to the olive tree and sat down beside a glittering puddle. Curiosity twitched under my pelt, *Does the fact that my bones no longer ache mean that possibly... I no longer have my scars and twisted whiskers?*

Peeking over the puddle, I glanced at a whole different cat. Though

my face shape and pelt remained the same, my old scars and dull fur had transformed into a healthy pelt. *Kittypet fur.* I rolled my eyes. I, too, was plump, just like the rest of the Clan. Baring my teeth at the reflection, I noticed my teeth were no longer cracked and yellow. *How odd...*

"Hurry and eat before your delicious catch goes cold!" Elizabeth insisted before digging in herself.
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After our meal, we had buried our remnants before hurrying off to take the tea leaves back to the center. We carried the bundle of sweet leaves in a large ivy leaf and, since the camp was only several fox-lengths from the tea plants, ducked in through the entrance within moments.

"Oh, lovely work!" Madam Lillian praised as soon as we appeared in the clearing. "Todd, Oliver, Charlie, would you three spread out those wonderful leaves in the sun?" The three toms jerked their heads toward the captain at the mention of their names and instantly obeyed. Todd promised his two kits he would play again soon, but Leo and Charlotte continued to whine even as their father already started to head off. Dropping the ivy leaf for the toms to take over, I watched the two troublesome kits bow their heads and glance around, their ears trembling with every noise. *What are those two up to now?* I wondered with a purr. The two suddenly took off toward the nursery where, I assumed, Minnie was still napping with her kits.

Betsy and Sir Edgar were working together to light the fire beneath the pot at the side of camp; thanks to the few kittypets in the Clan, we had developed a similar way to boil tea as the Twolegs did. The two senior cats had their heads close and eyes narrowed with concentration. Unease prickled under my pelt while the two chatted in secrecy.

As the rest of the Clan prepared for the sunhigh tea gathering, I spotted movement at the back of the campground. I checked to see if a set of cats had returned from a hunt or if Katherine and Wade had came back, but instead I found Frederick's orange pelt slipping away. *Where are* you *going?* I thought with a hint of irritation. Every cat was supposed to assist one another as tea preparation needs

more than one set of paws.

I hurried off to follow the sneaky tom and paused just outside of the camp. Frederick rushed to the olive tree and skidded to a halt at its roots. He then dug out a baggy and took off toward the forest beyond our meadow.

Before I could consider what he was doing, a tom called to me. "Anne!" I recognized the voice as Edgar, "We need your assistance..."

Annoyance and curiosity boiled my blood but I headed toward Sir Edgar without hesitation. The toms eyes gave away nothing as I approached, though Betsy was obviously avoiding eye contact.

"Your brother is being sneaky." I sniffed, narrowing my eyes at Sir Edgar and then toward Betsy. The tabby she-cat remained quiet, fidgeting with the sticks below the pit.

Edgar only shrugged and blinked at me innocently, meowing calmly, "Frederick has always been one of those who travel aimlessly, is that a problem?" His ear flicked.

I bit back a snarky retort. "Not at all."

There's something going on... and I'm not sure any other cat has noticed...

Chapter Five

Needlebanger's POV

It was a chilly day consisting of dark clouds, strong winds, and occasional rainfall. Most of DrugClan had stayed in their dens, only leaving one to enter another. Whether it was a storm outside or a beautiful day, through the past quarter-moon the majority of the Clan was quiet and reserved. Twitch's death had hit the Clan hard, especially his siblings. Many were simply embarrassed... how were we supposed to party if the Party Place was off limits?

In the drug nest every cat was silent. Hazecloud, Chickenwing, and Munchbelly passed around a thick blunt without sharing a word while Crackheadstar and Cocainenose shared lines. Bone and the wide-eyed white she-cat had taken Twitch's death just as hard as LilPlump and Chickenwing, though Bone was taking it a bit better than Cocainenose. He realized, just as I did, that the tom was going to kill himself eventually.

LilPlump had barely moved from his nest since we had returned home from the disastrous party. Meowmeow was still trying to get him off of the Xanax, but the distraught tom wouldn't even talk; he had even started to lose his extra weight from lack of eating. Even Pouncepaw was dramatically torn over Twitch's death, as if she thought the two would one day be mates. She had taken it upon herself to venture through the forest. Few of us had seen Pouncepaw since his death, but every now and again you could hear the pitiful she-cat wailing into the wind.

The eerie silence in the drug den was too much for my sober mind and when Munchbelly sighed and stood up to leave, I awkwardly followed in behind him. No cat looked up, no cat said goodbye, they only continued to get high.

Standing at the entrance to the den, I gazed around at the deserted clearing. I watched Munchbelly head over to Crackheadstar's den and disappear into it. It only took the deputy a few heartbeats to

exit the den and when he did he had some sort of pouch slung over his flank. Curiously, I padded over to the tom. A shiver crept down my spine as the cold raindrops seeped through my pelt. "What's that?" I asked, gesturing with my tail to the ugly pouch. It had dark brown and light brown checkers with a shiny LV logo plate in the middle.

Munchbelly jerked his head toward me, probably shocked that I had followed him out so quietly. "Oh, this?" He glanced toward the bag and, though his shoulder fur briefly bristled with awkwardness, raised his chin defiantly, "This is my Louis Vuitton pouch... I- uh, use it to transport the Clan's drugs."

My whiskers twitched with amusement and I tried to hide my purrs as I snickered, "Why did you choose such an ugly one? Out of all the colors you could have chosen... and you chose *that*?"

With a *humph*, he turned to walk away before adding, "I'll have you know this *ugly* pouch is worth more than Madam Lillian's stash, I assure you!" He whipped his tail and padded off, muttering more to himself, "Ugly pouch... don't you listen to that nasty she-cat, Louis... beautiful, you are, and they all know it."

Snorting, I hurried after the tom until I was at his side again. He narrowed his eyes at me and swung the pouch onto the other side of his flank self-consciously. "What do you want? To degrade Louis some more? I will cut that tongue out of your mouth, you inconsiderate bastard!" Munchbelly looked more offended than angered.

I continued to try to swallow my purrs as I replied, "Oh, Munchbelly, hush about your pouch. I couldn't care less. I was just looking for something to do, something that doesn't consist of sitting in every other cats' grief."

Munchbelly nodded, and for a few moments, was tranquil. It was only until we came to a slope that he halted and finally looked at me. "Well, if you're interested in meeting our drug supplier, then come along," Munchbelly murmured as he dug underneath a boulder in the slope. Uncovering a mouse and a fat pigeon, he stuffed them into his bag and started to pad off. "I'm in a hurry, he

doesn't like to wait... and don't say anything when we meet him. He's a sketch-bag and barely trusts me."

I tilted my head to the side as he began trekking up the slope. "Okay, but is it a long journey or are you so stoned that you needed to pick up a snack?"

The dark tabby tom scoffed, "Great StarClan, are you as ignorant as a kit or are my ears filled with bees? It's for the supplier, you fool!"

Together we hurried up the slope and when we finally made it to the top, heart beating like a trapped bird, I could see beyond the forest and into a strange territory; there was no grass, few spindly trees, and a lot of loud commotion. The breeze brought a rancid smell, almost choking me. I ducked down as a monster let out a long, high-pitched howl, a couple more following it. "We aren't going down *there* right?" I muttered, swallowing nervously.

"Oh, are we ever," Munchbelly purred and took off down the hill toward a tall silver-mesh fence while I hesitated to move forward. His Louis pouch bounced as he tore down the slope. "Hurry up!"

Sighing, I skidded down the hill as the deputy squeezed under a split opening in the fence. "Watch you don't scuff your precious bag!" I teased. Munchbelly glared at me over his shoulder as he popped out on the other side. The rain had come to a stop by the time I ducked through and appeared on the sketchy side of the fence.

Following more cautiously, I gazed around at a dirt clearing where many broken monsters were lined up on the other side of a rustic-rock building. It's clear squares weren't so clear; they were cracked and layered with dust. Two large, white entrances were between the not-so-clear squares. One was open just enough for a cat to walk into, while the other was closed completely. The broken monsters came in all different shapes and sizes, but every one of them had something missing: a couple had no paws, one had no nose, and a few had no openings to its stomach! *At least they're dead.*

Puddles were scattered throughout the dirt clearing but they all smelled sour and had weird rainbow colours swirling in it.

Munchbelly caught me as I sniffed it and snapped, "You fool! Get your muzzle out of that before it burns your nose off."

Munchbelly led the way through the dirty clearing with confidence while I cautiously stalked in behind him. "Can we speed it up? I don't like this place." I whispered, eyeing the monsters vigilantly. Every noise made me jump and every time I jumped, I felt like rushing home even more.

The deputy didn't say anything for a few moments as he led me toward the edge of the rustic-rock wall. Munchbelly peeked around the corner and warned when he turned back, "We have to run by Twolegs and cross the street, so keep to the sides and try to stay unseen! I have had rocks thrown at me and even been chased by Twolegs with weird sticks. This is a dangerous place for a cat..."

Great way to make me feel better about joining you! I sighed and watched him peek around the corner again. "Let's go, keep up with me!" Munchbelly hissed and with that, he took off across a deserted street. I rushed after him, fear churning in my belly that I would lose him and be lost forever. Panic swelled in my chest as we scurried toward an old, grey building that was leaning to the side. Broken, moldy wood splintered near the roof; the damn nest was nearly ready to collapse!

Rotting crow-food was piled up throughout the quiet street, sitting on the metal hole-covers and blowing in the wind. The whole street reeked like rotting food and the putrid smell of monsters. At the end of the dirty street I could see where Munchbelly was heading. My fur bristled with alarm as Twolegs passed by on the side of the street in swarms. Monsters rushed up and down the black road at high speeds, only stopping occasionally to wait for another to pass by so they could turn onto another street. So many different colors, so many loud noises! I could feel my legs trembling as I forced myself to continue on the deputy's heels.

We halted at the corner of a beige building that sat beside the old nest. Munchbelly crouched down and peered around the corner. "When I say go, run with me and do not stop for anything! Keep to the wall and avoid all Twoleg contact."

You don't have to tell me that... I thought as I watched Twoleg after Twoleg hurry by with their hands full of bags, weird colorful rectangles, and brown cups. Swallowing, I prepared to run.

"Now!" Munchbelly snapped. Together we tore down the white brick road on the side of the street, dodging through the Twoleg's big, heavy paws. I could hear them gasp in surprise as we ran in between their legs. *Suckers!* I thought triumphantly.

As we continued to swerve around the strange creatures, I noticed one particular Twoleg was sitting on the white road; he had fur bushing from his face and ragged fabric hanging loosely from his skinny frame. He had a cup beside him and a sign resting against the wall with strange, choppy lettering written on it. With his tan, weirdly-shaped log slung over his shoulder, he played sorrowful music with his fingers and sang even though his voice was raspy and uneven. We rushed past him, his scent strong and sour, and I glanced back to observe the sad, old tom one last time. Out of every Twoleg that strolled by, not one stopped to listen.

"Pay attention, we have to cross the street before the light turns green!" Munchbelly's urgent demand brought me back into the present. Jerking my head toward the street beside us, I watched Munchbelly begin to dash across the stinky black surface. Monsters were halted on the street and for a split heartbeat I hesitated. I forced myself to run after the deputy full tilt and could feel the breath of the monster from one's rear end and one's face as I passed by. I had ran so fast that I ended up hopping onto the white brick road just as Munchbelly did. Within moments, the light turned green and the monsters started to roll off again.

I heard a gasp from above and when I whipped around, I found myself alone. Pure panic bolted through me and when I glanced up, I spotted a Twoleg gazing down at me with her paws stretched to reach for me. "Needlebanger, get your slack ass over here before you get killed!" Munchbelly called from an alleyway, his voice echoing. I let out a hiss at the Twoleg and took off into the shadows. *When is this trip going to be over?* I felt like curling up into a ball right then and there, no matter how much crow-food lay around me!

Munchbelly didn't stop to talk or catch his breath; by the time I had entered the alleyway he was already halfway through it. I could hear the aggravated tom mumbling curses to himself. Panting, I rushed after him and slowed down by his side as we came to the backyard of a rundown, pale green nest. The nest was even worse than the grey one we had passed earlier. Though the walls were sturdy, part of the roof was entirely gone. Long, bright green ivy vines trailed around the back left corner of the nest, just below the hole in the roof, where the wood was charred. Almost every square opening in the walls were broken.

Another white building lay beside the burnt pale green house, except this one had strange, colorful, bubbly letters and funky drawings written all over the back wall. I padded over to it and gazed at the fascinating letters. *Twolegs are so... creative.*

Spotting movement in the corner of my eye, I swung my head around to see what, or who, it was. A tall, lanky cat appeared from the other side of the alleyway we had came through, his shoulders slumped and ears straight back. He had cream colored fur with a pale tan color marbled throughout his pelt and as he approached I noticed his narrowed eyes were flitting between Munchbelly and me. The tom paused a couple tail-lengths away from Munchbelly and lifted his head to look at me. I noticed his jaw was crooked and he had a slit on his top lip that revealed his yellow canine tooth. There was a large scar across his flank, too.

"Do I look like a fool to you?" The tom snarled, baring his teeth at Munchbelly. Before the dark tabby tom could defend himself, the cream colored tom stomped up to him and spat, "What is this meeting to you, a get together? A free-for-all? Get her the hell out of here or the deal is off!"

"Woah, Nacho, calm down! This is Needlebanger, she's from my Clan. She only wanted to come for the journey..." Munchbelly insisted, glancing over his shoulder at me nervously. The tom locked eyes with me again but said nothing.

Off in the distance, Twolegs howled angrily. I flinched and hurriedly looked around to make sure it wasn't *us* they were yelling at. I heard Nacho snicker.

A few moments of silence edged by before Munchbelly spoke, "I brought you a pigeon and a mouse in exchange for your troubles."

Nacho's eyes finally broke from mine and widened with eagerness. "Good," he muttered. Nacho scurried off to a pile of large black bags from the area he had appeared from and pulled out a couple of clear pouches. Dropping it at Munchbelly's paws, he licked his lips as the deputy opened his pouch and tossed him his prey. Immediately the scrawny tom started gobbling it up viciously.

There were four pouches: one had several colorful pills, one was completely filled with green buds, another half full with white powder, and the last had dried mushrooms. Munchbelly gasped at the sight of the mushrooms and, as he shoved the bags into his pouch, he purred, "You managed to get mushrooms this time! I won't forget that; next time I'll bring you more prey," Too busy eating to answer, Nacho continued to devour his meal without acknowledging the deputy's comment. Munchbelly blinked at him as he pushed the mouse aside and began to tear open the pigeon. "Well... in a quarter-moon we will meet here at the same time. See you then." Nacho only grunted.

Together, Munchbelly and I started to head toward the alleyway. "Maybe we should consider offering him a place in DrugClan? It would be easier to get our stuff and he would probably put on some weight..." I suggested once we were out of earshot. Munchbelly narrowed his eyes with thought and to my surprise, he nodded.

Munchbelly didn't think about it any further. He trotted back to Nacho and paused a tail-length away. "Needlebanger and I were wondering if you would like to join our Clan." He asked, tilting his head to the side.

The cream-colored tom's ears went back and he glared over at Munchbelly. "What's the catch?" He spat, gazing from Munchbelly to me.

Shaking his head, Munchbelly let out a nervous purr, "Well, in exchange for the same job you do for me now, you would have a safe place to stay, prey at your paws, and insane parties." Instantly, Nacho's eyes lit up with curiosity.

A smirk crossed his face, "That sounds like a good deal. I have a couple friends who might be interested, too. They can pull their own weight better than me, though. Maybe when we come grab your next batch I'll find them."

Munchbelly and I nodded to each other, "Sounds like a plan."